

# Ploogstreet Wood Will Become Famous in the World's History

German Brewers' Preserve in Flanders Is Never Without a Hail of Steel and Lead, and for Its Possession Thousands of Men Have Been Killed

By WILLIAM G. SHEPHERD  
(United Press Staff Correspondent)  
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HEADQUARTERS OF THE BRITISH ARMY, NORTHERN FRANCE, April 21.—(By mail to New York)—Ploogstreet Wood, the Tommies call it "Ploog Street," is in Belgium. Some day it will be a great historical park, like the field of Waterloo. Just now its trees are scarred by bullets and shells; German bullets whistle now and then through the branches and clip them off with lightning snip, and from time to time the ambulance men run to some corner of the forest to



pick up a British soldier who has been hit by a stray German missile and, taking it altogether now is not the time to see Ploogstreet Wood.

Just beyond the wood lie the German trenches; and just beyond the British trenches is the German line. A rich brewer in Armentieres owns Ploogstreet. It was his pleasant ground. The pheasants are gone; just before Christmas the British soldiers in the wood bagged twenty-two of them for Xmas dinner and that finished the lot.

In October, the Germans, sweeping down towards Calais, tried to take the Ploogstreet Wood. Commander-in-Chief Sir John French gave one of his iron-clad orders that it must be held; the fighting for Ploogstreet Wood went on for days. The Germans got into it and—died; the British fought them out of it and died. And when winter fell the great forest was dotted with graves and its trees were battered by bullets and shells, but the British trenches circled its outer edge and the German trenches were dug four hundred feet from the forest's limits.

The forest is two miles long and a mile wide. We came to its border after crossing ploughed fields where German shells fell daily. We found a side walk two feet wide, made of sticks fastened together with wire, a corduroy foot path.

"It was unspeakable here in the winter. The men floundered in mud up to their waists until we built these footways," explained the English major who was acting as my guide. The footway led straight into the heart of the forest.

"It's rather ticklish living in here," said the major. "You see the many trenches are not far away and the German bullets that miss the tops of our trenches come in here among the trees."

The hanging of rifle fire in the trenches was incessant but not heavy. A bullet sang above us and clipped off a small twig which fell to the ground. Half a dozen bullets sang their songs before we reached a dug-out, which stood among the heavy trees. A fine wooden sidewalk passed in front of this dug-out and stretched away down an avenue of trees. Between the dug-out and the

sidewalk in the front yard, as it were, of the earthen residence was a beautiful garden of wild spring flowers which had been transplanted from various corners of the forest.

There were all the signs of spring in the forest, except birds. They have learned to stay away from the Ploogstreet grove.

"There are two or three robins, who have not gone," said the officer who lives in the dug-out, "but they are especially fool hardy."

Violets, primroses and cowslips almost bedded the forest floor in many places, a clump of violet roots, dug up with tons of earth by a German shell, lay beside the great cavern, with its flowers healthy and strong.

There is one spot in Ploogstreet Wood that German shells ought never reach. It's a grave with a carefully made wooden cross on it and the lettering says: "Here lie two gallant German officers."

"That's rather unexpected," said a civilian who was with us.

"But they were brave," said the major. "The Germans are not always bad. Five officers from my regiment were missing one time and we never expected to find their bodies. But when we drove the Germans back we found a grave on which was marked: 'Here lie five brave English soldiers.' We identified them all and their bodies were taken back to England."

We followed another sidewalk and came to a huge mound, covered with yellow spring flowers, which had been planted by the English soldiers. On a neatly cross at the head of the mound, an English soldier had patiently printed the words: "Here lie seventeen German soldiers."

There was not an English grave in Ploogstreet Wood that was better tended or more heavily flowered than these mounds of fallen Germans.

Knots of men passed along the narrow walks now and then going to and from the nearby trenches. They carried boards, jugs full of water, bags of food, trench stoves, boxes of ammunition and all the great array of things that are needed in the "big trenches."

Now and then a courier pedaled his bicycle over the corduroy footway. At one circular cluster of dug-outs was a sign reading: "Piccadilly Circus." The sidewalk that passed through "Piccadilly Circus" was marked "Regent Street." There was also a "Leicester Square." "Tourists Welcome," said another sign. "Very Lights, three pennies!" read another sign. "Very Lights" are the calcium trench lights which are thrown into the sky in night trench fighting.

Everywhere in Ploogstreet Wood were signs of high spirits, spring

seemed to be in the men as well as in the woods; every soldier we met had a smile on his face or a happy remark. They led us to odd signs or to particularly pretty gardens.

In the midst of this a cry came up through the lane. "Bring the ambulance," a soldier was calling.

The men ran out from a hut carrying a stretcher.

"Somebody has been nipped," said a soldier who was showing us his garden. "Somebody or other gets it in here every day."

Then he showed us some more fine points about his garden of wild flowers. It wasn't bravery or bragadoles with him; it was only a matter of being accustomed to that sort of thing. He and the other soldiers in the wood lolled about reading or whistling and some of them even singing, had spent a terrible winter in these woods, with the rain and cold adding horrors even to death. Now the rain and cold were gone and even death had lost some of its ugliness in the bright spring woods.

They brought the wounded man along the pathway, after a time. He had been shot through the leg by a stray bullet and the soldiers ran out of their dug-outs to the passing stretcher to see if the unlucky soldier was someone they knew. He was sick and faint and white but he said: "Hello Bill!" to one soldier. Then he added: "Lookout for my kit 'til I come back, will you?"

They carried him to the edge of the forest; then they put him on a wagon, after a trip in the wagon ambulance, then he would be put in a hospital train at some railroad point and taken many miles to a white bed in some great hospital where white clad doctors and nurses would ease the suffering of wounded soldiers. And, after many days, he may come back to Ploogstreet Wood and take up again at the kit that Bill is watching for him.

I want to come back to Ploogstreet Wood again some day, when the big shells are not whipping over it and the German bullets are not singing death songs through the trees and think out, in quiet, all this strange mystery of war that makes you kill a man and then makes you put flowers on his grave and keeps you smiling and happy through it all.

Some mighty smart Straw and Panama Hats at K. K. K. Store, Leading Hatters.

What is the difference between people in business and professions sending their money to Oriental laundries and farmers sending to mail order houses? One minute for answer. Send your laundry to the Klamath Falls Steam Laundry. 21-1f

## French Hero on His New Legs



Jean Marie Calyelle

This is a French hero of Altkirch, one of the very first battles of the war, when the French began their counter offensive into Germany, and of Namur and Charleroi. In his last fight both legs were shot off and he had to be sent back to Paris to be patched up. This photograph shows him as he wanders about the streets of his home town, still wearing the uniform in which he was shot. He is a hero among the French. His regret is that he cannot again go to the front.

Walk-Overs make life's pathway easy—K. K. K. Store.

## KEEP URIC ACID OUT OF JOINTS

TELS RHEUMATISM SUFFERERS TO EAT LESS MEAT AND TAKE SALTS

Rheumatism is easier to avoid than to cure, states a well known authority. We are advised to dress warmly; keep the feet dry; avoid exposure; eat less meat, but drink plenty of good water.

Rheumatism is a direct result of eating too much meat and other rich foods that produce uric acid which is absorbed by the blood. It is the function of the kidneys to filter this acid from the blood and cast it out in the urine; the pores of the skin are also a means of freeing the blood of this impurity. In damp and chilly cold weather the skin pores are closed, thus forcing the kidneys to do double work, they become weak and sluggish and fail to eliminate the uric acid, which keeps accumulating and circulating through the system, eventually settling in the joints and muscles, causing stiffness, soreness and pain called rheumatism.

At the first twinge of rheumatism get from any pharmacy about four ounces of Jad Salts; put a tablespoonful in a glass of water and drink before breakfast each morning for a week. This is said to eliminate uric acid by stimulating the kidneys to normal action, thus ridding the blood of these impurities.

Jad Salts is inexpensive, harmless, and is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia and is used with excellent results by thousands of folks who are subject to rheumatism. Here you have a pleasant, effervescent lithia-water drink which helps overcome uric acid and is beneficial to your kidneys as well. (Paid Advertisement)

## Chautauqua Tickets

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The Honorable, Hall Hotel, White Pelican Hotel, Golden Rule Store, Wells Fargo Express Office, First State and Savings Bank, J. F. McGuire & Co. Store, Big Basin Lumber Co. Office, Savage Bros. Office.  
Our contract with the Ellison-White Chautauqua System requires us to advance the price of Adult Season Tickets to \$8.00 at NOON, JUNE 8th. W. B. SLOUGH, Secretary Klamath Chautauqua Ass'n

# Oregon Germans Want Munitions Traffic to Stop

SALEM, Ore., June 2.—Protesting against the exportation from this country of arms and ammunition to the nations engaged in the present European war, the German Speaking Society of this city yesterday forwarded a petition to President Wilson, asking him to call a special session of congress to invest him with power to put an embargo on all arms. The petition is based on international law, precedent and public opinion, it is asserted. It is as follows:

"We, the undersigned citizens of the United States, men and women, unite in earnest protest against the exportation from this country of arms and ammunition for the use of nations engaged in the present conflict, and for humanitarian reasons respect-fully petition you in the cause of humanity and justice to call an extra session of congress at once to invest you with the power to place an em-

bargo on all arms and ammunition, basing our petition on international law, precedent and public opinion.

"On August 1 you issued a noble document, setting forth the government's views on neutrality. This splendid statement met with the full approval of all American citizens who would like to see this country live up to the words of this declaration. We the undersigned are led by wish to be of assistance to you in indicating what the people of America want, namely, in your own words:

"We must put the curb on every transaction which might give a preference to one party in the struggle over another."

"The sooner an embargo is enforced, the sooner it will save our reputation for firmness. It will shorten the war and will bring up real, not false, prosperity, together with the happiness of knowing that we have rendered a noble service to humanity."

## A LITTLE SPORTING GOSSIP

By BARRY FARIS

(United Press Staff Correspondent)

NEW YORK, JUNE 3.—Davy Fultz evidently has not given up final hope of getting the baseball organizations to recognize some of the Baseball Players' Fraternity demands. Despite repeated cold shoulder turndowns by the big baseball powers, Fultz is as warmly championing his cause as if he had been given all the encouragement in the world.

But whatever comes of the mysterious antics of the Baseball Players' Fraternity's chief press agent, there is little danger of any sensational work like that employed last summer. To call a baseball player strike now and have its members ignore the union's demand for a walk out would be damaging to both the players' cause and the national game itself.

Fultz's shrew activity among the chief moguls has caused some speculation as to what he has up his sleeve. With the Federal League question still rankling, the baseball heads are hardly in a temper to listen to any demands from the players. And whether Fultz realizes it or not, the players themselves do not seem inclined to force any issue just now.

The Federal League has absorbed about all the major league talent it can stand. There are indications that it has even overdone itself with the best playing ability on the market. But at any rate, there is no haven now awaiting for the stars of both big leagues, should their requests to the National Commission be turned down again, granting that is what Fultz is doing. Federal League teams are suffering from poor gate receipts, as are all the big leagues this season, and unless President Fultz has some real dope to talk about, he will hardly get the magnates' attention for any length of time.

In fact, it is not known what Davy has on his chest. He is so elusive that not even other Fraternity agents know his plans. He holds conference after conference with these agents, and then they all depart, smiling, but silent.

He is probably raking over certain demands made last year by the Fraternity, and which the commission flatly turned down. If he has any new leads he would not be so anxious to guard them. For without publicity all the demands in the world of the Fraternity would avail nothing. And Old Boy Davy knows this as well as any other press agent.

United Press Service  
NEW YORK, June 3.—Jim Coffey may meet the heavyweight champion Jess Willard some day. Both Jim and his manager, Billy Gibson, feel pretty sure that if Willard is ever lured into a ring with the big Irishman, that a new champion will be made. But over in Ireland—Dublin to be exact—will go up a wall that probably will be heard on the other side of the Atlantic. "Faith and I'm the best man—I could have done it easier," will be about the words.

Jim Coffey left four big strapping brothers behind him when he came over to New York from Ireland. He did not know that he was going to become a fighter, nor did they. If you had told one of them that Jim was one day going to be a challenger for the heavyweight championship they would have laughed at you. He probably also—if he knew of such things—would have asked what brand of

"hop" you used. And whether you whiffed it or used a syringe.

Soon after Jim landed in Father Knick's village he landed a job as a chauffeur on a trolley line. Word drifted across the Atlantic to Dublin that Jim was an engineer on a street car at the magnificent salary of \$18 a week. "Wurra, wurra, but ain't that boy doing fine" was the comment of his brothers. Right proud of Jim they were, too.

Then the news that Jim had turned fighter was received in the Coffey household in Dublin. That DID cause some surprise. And as news of Jim's victories drifted across the Atlantic the pride and wonderment grew.

One of the four brothers Jim left behind is a Dublin policeman—and one of the finest on the force. He read of Jim's fistic career with great interest. He followed his brother's fights closely. One day he read of where he had slammed the daylight out of one Al Reich, receiving therefore something like \$6,000 in real money.

Right there the Dublin police force almost lost a cop. Jim's brother hot-footed it to all the steamship offices, inquiring the rate to New York.

"I always could lick that kid and if he can get six thousand iron men for trimming some sucker over there it's up to me to go over and get some of that coin," he told his many friends. He was just on the point of resigning from the force and embarking for the United States when word of the sinking of the Lusitania reached Dublin. One resignation was quickly torn up and one fistic career was abandoned before it was started. "I'll tackle no submarines," said Officer Coffey. "Jim can clean all he likes undisturbed by me."

## -LEGAL NOTICES

Proposal  
Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, County Court of Klamath County, Oregon, will receive bids for the erection of a steel bridge across Lost River up to and including June 20th, 1915, at 5 p. m. of said date.

The bids will include the hauling of the bridge from Bonanza, Oregon; the construction of abutments and the making of fills for the approaches, and tearing down old bridge.

The bids will be in the following form:

Hauling bridge from Bonanza to site ..... \$  
Placing approximately 285 yards concrete or masonry, per yard ..... \$  
Placing approximately 8,500 yards embankment, per yard ..... \$  
Tearing down old bridge ..... \$  
Erection of bridge ..... \$

The above to be done according to the plans and specifications on file with the county clerk.

All bids must be accompanied with a certified check for 5 per cent of the amount of bid.

The County Court reserves the right to reject any and all bids, and to accept any bid or bids separately or collectively, which it deems most favorable to Klamath county.

Dated at Klamath Falls, Oregon, May 28, 1915.

C. R. DE LAP, County Clerk.  
By CHAS. F. DE LAP, Deputy Clerk.  
5-28-6-20

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Many so-called choppers crush and tear the meat or vegetables, wasting the juices and destroying the flavor.

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The UNIVERSAL Food Chopper cleanly chops all kinds of meats—raw or cooked—and fruits and vegetables—coarse or fine as desired—without mashing or tearing.

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Double load ..... \$3.75  
Dry Slab, 10-inch ..... \$3.25  
Dry Slab, 4-foot ..... \$3.00

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I also handle Body and Limb wood

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Good-bye corns, callouses, bunions and raw spots. No more shoe tightness, no more limping with pain or drawing up your face in agony. "TIZ" is magical, acts right off. "TIZ" draws out all the poisonous exudations which puff up the feet. Use "TIZ" and forget your foot misery. Ah! how comfortable your feet feel. Get a 25 cent box of "TIZ" now at any drugist or department store. Don't suffer. Have good feet, glad feet, feet that never swell, never hurt, never get tired. A year's foot comfort guaranteed or money refunded.



## Final Session of the Women's Convention

United Press Service  
PORTLAND, June 3.—At today's session of the Council of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, plans for the New York biennial were discussed by Mrs. Francis D. Everett of Illinois and Miss Mary G. Hay, chairman of the biennial committee. They both predicted a most successful session, with a large attendance.

A second division of the council devoted its time to a discussion of Home Economics. Mrs. Elizabeth Claypool Earl of Indiana detailed the efforts of the United States govern-

ment in further home economics in an illustrative manner.

This afternoon Dr. M. H. Marvin of Washington spoke on the advantage of the minimum wage commission, as did Dr. Lillian C. Irwin of Seattle. Dr. Irwin eloquently proclaimed what the minimum wage law has done for the women of her state.

The principal address at tonight's session, which will conclude the meeting of the Council of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, will be delivered by Dr. David Starr Jordan, president of Leland Stanford University. His subject will be "Women and the Peace Movement."

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